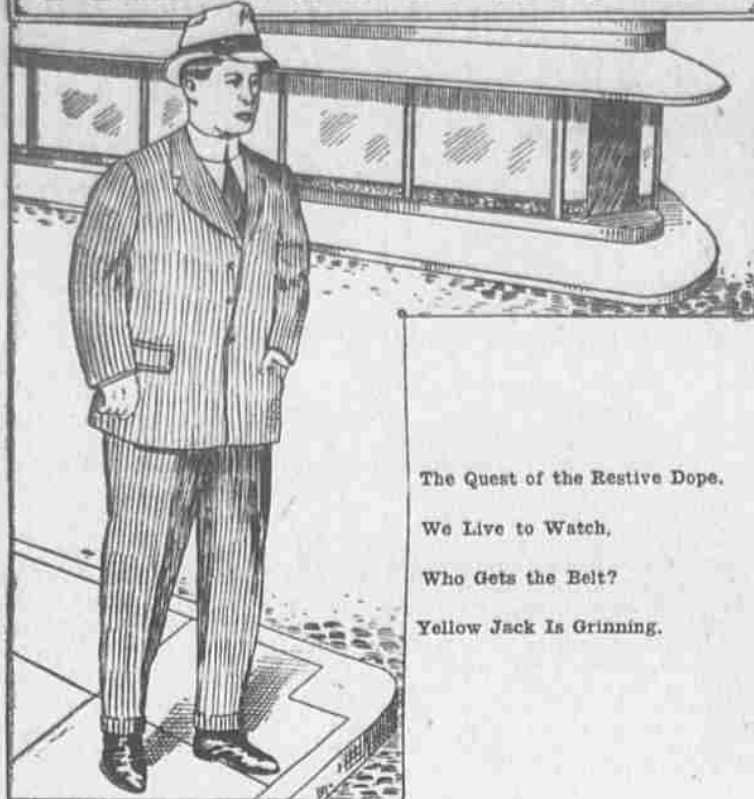


THE BYSTANDER



The Quest of the Restive Dope.

We Live to Watch.

Who Gets the Belt?

Yellow Jack Is Grinning.

Behold the pack of customs men on the track of smugglers bent With rabid cries and flashing eyes glued to the baffling scent. And the dope, a hundred and odd a pound, in the dives where the dreams are sold And nary a clue to lead them to the contrabanders bold.

With lean E. W., district sleuth, the smuggler hui's foe, Enthroned in state to operate high justice and the law "Now, how do you do, and what's your name. Have you used Pear's soap today?"

"There's an oppium smell on your left lapel. I'm sorry. You're pinched. Good day!"

Now, Marshal Hendry, corpulent, and somewhat sleepy, too, Receives a note wherein is wrote a lovely beautiful clue. "Now, quick, Pa Hendry, jump the place and seize me all the loot." But never a bit will he tackle it—"Remember the damage suit!"

And here's E. R. collecting dough of the tariff, cussed and high, With a score or two of men to view the luggage of passersby. Searching the Moi Wahine and also the Mokoli, The Larline, too, and eke the crew of the ships where the dope might be.

And still the dope is traded in the dens of the dopey one E. R. still says, not seeking praise, "I'm reporting to Washington." 'Till finally the hui's smashed by the man behind the tip— The country's debt, he gets the credit, where the chicken gets the pip.

The longer I live in Honolulu the more I see to wonder at. For strange sights I will back this place against any other locality in this world and all the others. For instance, at the brilliant reception given by the Japanese consul-general on Thursday night I saw forty or fifty Japanese cadets having their first impressions of a two-step, their surprise at the gyrations of the foreigners showing clear through the tops of their cropped heads. Opposite them, trying to appear blasé, but not able to, were a score of dainty little Japanese ladies, attired in the becoming kimono of their native land but eagerly drinking in the details of the Paris gowns being walked on. The wife of an American Governor talked to a Japanese admiral. A Chinese lady in trousers divided her attention between the Japanese band playing the "Star Spangled Banner" and a Chinese boy serving French punch, while, to cap the climax, a Japanese officer in gold lace and war medals essayed a waltz with a girl from Kansas with a hobble skirt.

The sporting offer made by Peter Cushman Jones, that he would back his skyline record from Honolulu to Boston against the world, is very likely to be called. Mr. Jones only hit the high spots and had as press agent and personal conductor no less a personage than the general traffic manager of the New York Central, and his talk after his return appeared to justify all the noise like real money he made. His record to Boston was nine days, fourteen hours and forty minutes, which was going some.

Now, comes Dr. Doremus Scudder, who had no press agent, no railroad official to clear the track, nothing but his smile to aid him. He doesn't exactly sniff at Mr. Jones' time, which he admits is pretty fair, but he leaves one in no doubt that he refuses to recognize the capitalist as in his class when it comes to getting over the ground, because he went from Honolulu to New York in nine days and fourteen hours flat, without any preliminary training. Those who know Doctor Scudder realize the fact that he is not avaricious, but from a purely sporting point of view it is easy to see that he is interested in that expense money Mr. Jones says he will pay to anyone who has beaten his time.

It has been moved, seconded and carried that the mosquito must go. Good! How?

Right here is where everyone ought to get interested. It is practically useless for the board of health or the shippers' wharf committee or any other public body to tackle the war of extermination unless every resident stands ready and willing to help.

One careless person in a block makes that block an impossibility; one dirty neighbor and you might as well quit.

The truth of the matter is that we Honoluluans are mighty careless. We can do more putting off until tomorrow than the average. The reason for this is, possibly, because things have been coming too easy. We let Chinatown accommodate fifth for years and the average citizen offers no help nor encouragement to the health officers until an epidemic breaks out; then we go crazy and burn Chinatown down. We complacently sit back and watch swarms of tenements going up all over the place, offering no encouragement to those visionaries who look ahead, see the continued danger to the city that is being allowed and added to; then, when the inevitable fire comes and the fire department proves what its chief has said about it—that it is too small for the conditions confronting it—we will wake up with a great spurt and heap blame upon someone, forgetting our own procrastination. We complacently walk in the dirt in front of other peoples' property because we have not got around to the point of laying a sidewalk in front of our own.

But, getting back to mosquitoes, what are we going to do about it? Are we going to wait until Yellow Jack arrives and forces us into a fight for our lives, or are we going to clean up and dry up and defy the fever? Are we going to sit back and criticize the board of health, or are we going to start something doing for ourselves and stay with it after the novelty wears off?

There is another alternative. We can keep on doing nothing until Uncle Sam sends down a garbage brigade to do for us what he did for the Cubans in Havana, for the Filipinos in Manila and for the mulattoes in the Canal Zone. But, when Uncle Sam comes to do our housecleaning, he is going to stay as housekeeper.

The soapbox picture peddler was overheard making a remark relative to results when a Honolulu man offered to make a wager with him. The melindian made a motion as if to get the money out of his pocket and then, suddenly, drew out his empty hand with the remark.

"It doesn't look as though I am going to get much more out of McCandless, so I'll hold on to what I have."

Joe—How did you ever guess her age? Jim—I asked her when she thought a girl ought to get married, and she promptly said twenty-five.—E.

To gather a pound of honey scientists have figured that bees make nearly 20,000 trips from their hive.

SIDELIGHTS

NEWSPAPERS VS. HONESTY.

Had good old ancient Diogenes, who went on as famous an expedition as did modern Teddy, confined his researches to the newspaper row—the long sound to the "o"—his contributions to the oil trust existing in his days would have added many dividends. His lantern would have burned out, before his object was accomplished, as often as Curtis Iaukea used to change his politics. And if the tub the old man inhabited had navigated amongst the places where disseminators of alleged news dwell, I will venture to assert it went many times on the drydock before disappointment carried the investigator to an early grave.

For newspaper men are not honest. Perhaps they pay their bills, the word "perhaps" in this respect being used advisedly. It may be that some few of them so conduct themselves in private life as to gain the respect and esteem of their neighbors and acquaintances. Possibly—I use not the word "probably"—sometimes one of them goes to church for religious consolation rather than on reportorial duty.

But they are not honest. Follow up The Advertiser for a week or so with a critical eye, and you will arrive at the same conclusion if you have not already done so. Take for instance the single matter of cablegrams. The telegraph editor who can't and doesn't miraculously and nearly always mendaciously multiply a ten-word message into at least a quarter of a column would lose his job on the spot. Perhaps corrections may be necessary later, but the "mistakes" may be safely laid at the doors of the cable office. Many a "Special Wireless" is received by the Mauna Kea or some other island boat. So don't be sure about what Teddy is doing, or how the campaign is progressing on the Big Island, because, forsooth, it appears that the paper has bankrupted itself in payment of cable and wireless bills.

And don't believe all the local news you see. They say a reporter is expected to turn in a given amount of what is called "copy." He does it, and must do it, whether there is any real news or not. Again do corrections often become necessary, but that is easy. "Our information came from a reliable source," or "This paper, when mistakes are made, is always willing to publish a correction," or some such phrase cleans up the whole thing.

On the matter of pictures the newspaper man shines conspicuously and dishonestly. When you see that the Sultan of Turkey has taken unto himself a new wife, or engaged in the pleasant occupation of killing off a few Jews or Christians, don't put too much faith in the picture accompanying the heavily padded cable. Maybe there is a picture of the old fellow in the library of the paper, and maybe there isn't, but his picture appears in either event. When it can not be found by the librarian, a wise selection from other portraits is made. If the wife has been added, some old cut showing a kind looking individual with cherubic features and a smile and oriental robes graces the columns. If the bloody game has been engaged in, selection is made for illustrative purposes of some fellow with a countenance as fierce as that of the soapbox socialistic malihini when he lambastes the despots of Hawaii. In either case the label is the same.

I do not believe that The Advertiser possesses a good picture of Link's friend, Candler. Nevertheless, should he die, or, worse still, get licked on election day, mark it down that, if you are one of those who had not the ineffable pleasure of gazing on his spellbinding features when he was here, you would be able to know what he looked like on the occurrence of either of the calamities referred to. Knowing his great ability and his size, both mental and physical, the librarian would carefully scan his list, and pick out the smallest man with the biggest head. Good old Lydia Pinkham has served as queen's nuns, and wives of statesmen, and murdered grandmothers, and woman suffragists for 10, these many years. Her picture is always handy. I first learned how Queen Victoria looked many years ago by seeing portrayed in a newspaper the plaid feature of the good old girl who, by the vegetable method, has done so much for our sex.

No, the newspaper men are not honest. And, not only are they not honest, but after taking our dollars for subscriptions and "Lost and Found" advertisements, and voting contests, they poke fun at us. The Advertiser runs a page with a great big head line over it, labeled "Sports." Watch that page. Any day you are apt to find there a church notice, or under the heading "continued from page one," the close of a graphic account of a brutal murder, or a cablegram taken from an afternoon paper that Lisbon is having troubles of its own. And watch the "Waterfront News." Don't be surprised should you see down at the bottom something about Walter Wellman's hot-air balloon trips. Yes, they have fun with us. But their life is not always a continual round of pleasure, so let us be complacent, and not kick.

A screed longer than usual. Likewise more truthful.

MASCULINE VANITY.

If the men are to be believed the female portion of the human race is exceedingly vain. Perhaps we are, but we have not any monopoly of that trait. They, too, like themselves, and they like to look pretty. Look in through the show windows of the tatteries and "gents" furnishing stores, and observe the beautiful things they buy with which to adorn themselves. Read the advertisements and see how the clever haberdashers cater to their foibles. From these sources you will see that there are noisy stockings, and delicate neckties, and costly shirts, and pajamas evidently intended for display, and beautiful belts, and a variety of other adorning apparel. Truly, the lords of creation are endeavoring to break Solomon's record as to attire, even as was the lily in Biblical days. And in a few years, if things keep up, the host of the Queen of Sheba will, on dress matters, be made to look like a hobo.

The vanity of these creatures extends not only to clothing. And this was what Sidelights started to say when her pencil ran away with her. They all obtrude on you their connection with some college, secret or political society by means of buttons, and often charms—the latter manufactured and made of metal. Look it up for yourself, and you will see that the button and charm gem is pressing the tuberculosis bug very closely for first place. Is a man one of Uncle Sam's birds, to wit, an Eagle? See it in the button he displays in his coat lapel; as to which, however, I, with my inborn and inherited fairness, must give him credit for using the facsimile adopted by our forefathers, and not the Teddy pantaletted one. Is he a Shriner? If so, to the world doth he proclaim it by means of a button which defies feminine deception, unless one should say that on it is something resembling a curved paper knife engaged in a controversy with a five or six-cornered thing bearing a faint resemblance to a star. The Odd Fellow is easily distinguished. If you never heard of such an order you could pick the man out and at once properly designate him by his button. The Elks proclaim themselves loudly by button based in construction on one of Frederic Remington's fancy and imaginative drawings of what the antlered animal should look like. The Pythian people and the Sailor's Union people and the college people and the Masonic people and, indeed, almost all of the sex which must belong to at least one society, wears some kind of a button.

If the men have watch chains—and they usually do—they wear charms. They are made up in such queer shapes, and there are so many varieties of them, that space permits not a description. Suffice it to mention only Elk's teeth, and Keystone letters on them the meaning of which can be learned only from Clasper Wertz, and the Odd Fellows' loop-the-loop design.

Abe the men vain? Yes. I got a Peacock catalogue the other day. It came from Chicago—not from Honolulu—and dealt with jewelry rather than with white rock. Evidently, men do like to fix up, for the famous firm of the Windy City devotes several pages, nicely illustrated, to the buttons and the charms they are willing to dispose of for cash.

Again, and perhaps by the repetition causing some doubts, let Sidelights insist on her fairness, and have it distinctly understood that these remarks are confined to the Hawaiians and the haoles. The Koreans and the Hindus have few buttons and none of them are for either ornamental or advertising purposes. They have no charms at all. When arrayed in his kimono—and that is the only dress he really loves—the Jap doesn't need buttons, and has no place for charms. The jewelry habit of the Chinaman is confined largely to rings, and bracelets, and when arrayed in his shirt-cot waist has, like the Jap, no accommodations for fancy, vain buttons, or cabalistic charms.

And if the men ever get sarcastic—and they often do—gently call their attention to some of the above and foregoing well-authenticated facts.

HOW TO BEAT HANAWAHI.

Even though its owners claim the right of way over the streets and claim the streets themselves, Honolulu's street-car system is a good one. So we all have learned, so says the tourist. The employees are an obliging, good-natured lot of fellows, and keep their tempers many times under trying circumstances. Eliminating suits on their own account by Lawyers Ashford and Diskey, respectively of Democratic and Civic Federation fame, the corporation seldom gets into court.

Perchance you may not have observed that the cars, in addition to re-

lieving us of the necessity of purchasing automobiles, are useful as timepieces. In the middle of the day, of course, they can be relied on no more than Captain Cuttle's famous watch or a statement made by a soapbox artist. But during the lulls, and in the early hours of the morning and the late hours of the night they may be depended upon. Have you forgotten to wind your clock? Listen for the first car or the last one, and you may remedy the inconvenience caused by your forgetfulness, and set it going almost exactly to the minute.

If you do not live along the line, there are other ways of finding out how much older you are since you last consulted the chronometer. The iceman is punctual, the milkman is punctual, and except on Sundays, the newspaper boy is punctual. And you may have a methodical neighbor, who turns out his lights always at a given hour, and has his kitchen fire lighted for breakfast at a given hour, and starts for work at a given hour, and gets home from work, as should all husbands, at a reasonable and given hour.

And if these monitors of the passage of time do not strictly do their duty for you, listen to the whistles. If there be a south wind on you can hear them very clearly, even though you live up Nunnau avenue, as I do. The seven o'clock whistles are easy, there's a whole bunch of them. There is another one that blows at about a quarter of an hour afterwards. It differs in tone as much from one or two of its fifteen-minute predecessors as does Cathart's voice differ from Author Thayer's. At eight o'clock somebody pulls a string three times, and a shrill response to the pull, resembling to some extent the voice of Galt at a chamber of commerce meeting, may be heard. Eleven o'clock in the morning is ushered in by some kind of bells. Midday can always be heard. Half-past four and five o'clock can always be heard. The Galt whistle comes along again at six o'clock. After that you must again depend on street cars.

Listen carefully, and watch timetables, and distinguish between various kinds of steam whistles, and then assure your jeweler that you don't need any timepieces.

Sidelights merely makes the suggestion in the interest of economy, and as a contribution to the readers of The Advertiser of the results of her observations.

Small Talks

E. A. C. LONG—Politics are hard on you, whether you worry or not.

CITY PHYSICIAN MACKALL—I've got a bell on my machine now that I'll bet they hear.

A. L. C. ATKINSON—The advice we have from Hawaii is that Kuhio will sweep the island, in spite of all the loud boasts.

WILLARD BROWN—I suppose The Advertiser will give us the election returns. We all count on The Advertiser service.

HARRY MURRAY—It's a good thing I waited until after the loans to bust my nose. I couldn't eat poi with my face in the shape it's in now.

JACK SCULLY—The first thing I asked when I got home was: "Is Charley McCarthy back into politics yet?" I knew he couldn't keep out.

R. H. TRENT—The Democrats have no money to blow. The Hawaiians are not being paid by us for what they do. On the contrary, they are collecting money in their precinct clubs and turning it over to the committee.

PAUL MUHLENDORF—At Allen & Robinson's, we hire any man that can do two dollars' worth of work a day and we pay two dollars a day for it. We are usually short of labor. If there are so many men out of work as the soapbox fellows say, why don't some of them come and get jobs?

KUHIO WILL GET HOME RULE VOTE

Big Island Delegate and Legislature Vote Republican—County Will be Home Rule.

HILO, November 5.—With all the county candidates touring the island, Hilo is politically dull and will be so until Monday night when each party will have its final rally. Republicans and Home Rulers are doing Kau and Kona, while the Democrats and Independent Kekoa are along the Hamakua coast. The travelers will return on Sunday and Monday.

An indication of the result of next Tuesday's election on the Big Island, gathered from many sources, is given in the following opinions:

Delegate—Kuhio, R.
Senators—1, Hewitt (R.); 2, Makekau (H. R.) and (D.); 3, Fernandes (R.)

House of Representatives—1, Afonso (R.); 2, Kekoa (L.); 3 and 4 between Hale (R.), Kealawa (D.), Moanali (R.) and Rickard (R.)

County Clerk—Kai (R.) or Hapai (H. R.)

Treasurer—Lalakea (H. R.)

Auditor—Magne (D., H. R. and R.)

Sheriff—Pua (R.), Keolani (H. R.), very close and may be winner.

Attorney—Beers (R.), Irwin (D.) very close.

Supervisors—Todd (H. R.), Pacheco (H. R.), Keaki (D.), Austin (R.), Lewis (R.), two of these for North and South Hilo.

Puna District—Lyman (R.)

Hamakua—Purdy (H. R.) or Peres (D.)

Kohala—Kalanika (H. R.)

Kona—Kalanika (D. and H. R.)

Kau—Shipman (D.), Kauhane (R.), close second.

Judging from the foregoing it looks as if there would be four Home Rulers, two Democrats and one Republican on the board of supervisors. If Home Rulers hold their strength all through the county ticket they will elect the county clerk and sheriff. They are not working so hard for the legislature. A victory for Kuhio on this island may be conceded to Home Rule support.

On Monday night each party will have its final rally and then a more definite indication of the local strength of each party can be obtained.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

This remedy has no superior as a cure for colds, croup and whooping cough. It has been a favorite with the mothers of young children for almost forty years.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is always to be depended upon and is pleasant to take.

It not only cures colds and grip, but prevents their resulting in pneumonia. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

The Associated Oil Company's ship Falls of Clyde arrived yesterday morning from Gaviota with a cargo of oil.

Bound for Victoria from Sydney via Sava and Honolulu, the Canadian-Australian steamship Zealandia is due tomorrow. She will probably sail in the afternoon.

HIGHBINDER BEAT UP ALL INFORMERS

Society Organized for Special Purpose of Discouraging Police Assistance.

A "highbinder" society has been organized in Honolulu, the first with which the police have had to deal for a long time. The particular object of this one is the maltreatment of police informers, and especial attention is being given those who have been working for Chief McDuffie during the past months.

McDuffie has built up an underground system that has done exceptionally good work towards breaking up the professional gambling hui and searing the opium rings into covering up their operations even more carefully than usual. A number of tips which have led the federal officers into the present opium disclosures had their origin in this underground system established by the chief of detectives, and the Chinese lawbreakers are getting scared.

Two of the informers have already been beaten up, and a reward of \$50, according to report, has been offered by the highbinder to any one who succeeds in beating up any other of McDuffie's inside workers.

The chief commenced work against this society last night, and as a result its future operations are liable to be confined to verbal limits. The head of the society is said to be the poi manufacturer who has his place of business near the Hiram Hotel, but this individual could not be found last night.

Another man active in the affairs of the newly organized foe to informers is a Japanese pharmacist who runs a store on King street and who has been thrice arrested for selling opium unlawfully.

The society is being supported by illegal liquor sellers, gamblers and opium men who have suffered the most. Few gambling games conducted by the old professionals are running now, and complaints from Chinamen who have been "cleaned out" are becoming more and more infrequent.

ENLARGED AND MAY HAVE TO BE AGAIN

HILO, November 4.—The Hilo Electric Light Company is just completing the enlargement of its plant which will double its capacity. Manager Moene says that if the demand for light continues to increase as it has in the past two years it will again soon be necessary to make a further plant expansion. In order to be prepared against the possibility of the Waikuku river running light for any length of time, the storage of considerable water will be provided for.

HEAVY EARTHQUAKES ARE THIRCE RECORDED

WASHINGTON, November 7.—The seismograph instruments installed here, yesterday recorded two severe earthquake shocks, the centers of which are estimated to have been about 4000 miles to the northwest. Communication with the other observatories equipped with similar instruments shows that registration of the shocks was made at St. Louis and Santa Clara and corroborate those recorded here.